– RISUM TENEATIS AMICI ?

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1486. ee. 17.

THE

ART of POLITICKS,

In IMITATION of

HORACE's

ART of POETRY.

Horatius Flaccus (Quintus) [Ars Poetica] – Parodies
X

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THE

ART of POLITICKS,

In IMITATION of

HORACE's

ART of POETRY.

(a) IF to a Human Face Sir *James* ſhould draw

A Gelding's Mane, and Feathers of Maccaw,

A Lady's Boſom, and a Tail of Cod,

Who could help laughing at a Sight ſo odd?

(a) Humano capiti cervicem Pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undiq; collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne:
Spectatum admiſſi, riſum teneatis, amici?

Credite,

Juſt ſuch a Monſter, Sirs, pray think before ye,
When you behold one Man both *Whig* and *Tory*.
Not more extravagant are Drunkard's Dreams,
Than *Low-Church* Politicks with *High-Church* Schemes.
Painters, you'll ſay, may their own Fancies uſe,
And Freeborn *Britons* may their *Party* chuſe;
That's true, I own: but can one Piece be drawn
For Dove and Dragon, Elephant and Fawn?
(*b*) Speakers profeſs'd, who Gravity pretend,
With motley Sentiments their Speeches blend;
Begin like Patriots, and like Courtiers end.

Some

Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velit ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Fingentur ſpecies. Pictoribus atq; Poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas;
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimuſq; damuſq; viciſſim:
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni
(*b*) Incœptis gravibus plerumq; & magna profeſſis
Purpureus late qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus, cum lucus & ara Dianæ,

Aut

Some love to roar, *the Conſtitution's broke,*
And others on the *Nation's Debts* to joke;
Some rail, (they hate a Commonwealth ſo much,)
What e'er the Subject be, againſt the *Dutch*;
While others, with more faſhionable Fury,
Begin with *Turnpikes*, and conclude with *Fleury*;
Some, when th' Affair was *Blenheim's* glorious Battle,
Declaim'd againſt importing *Iriſh Cattle.*
But you, from what e'er Side you take your Name,
Like *Anna's Motto*, always be the ſame.

(*c*) Out-

Aut properantis aquæ per amænos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus;
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortaſſe cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare, quid hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cæpit
Inſtitui, currente rota cur urceus exit?
Deniq; ſit quidvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum.

(*c*) De-

(*c*) Outſides deceive, 'tis hard the Truth to know,
Parties from quaint Denominations flow,
As *Scotch* and *Iriſh* Antiquaries ſhow.
The *Low* are ſaid to take Fanaticks Parts,
The *High* are bloody *Papiſts* in their Hearts.
Caution and Fear to higheſt Faults have run;
In pleaſing both the Parties, you pleaſe none.
Who in the *Houſe* affects declaiming Airs,
Whales in *Change-Alley* paints: in *Fiſh-Street*, *Bears*.
Some Metaphors, ſome Handkerchiefs diſplay;
Theſe peep in Hats, while thoſe with Buttons play,
And make me think it *Repetition-Day*;

There

(*c*) Decipimur ſpecie recti; brevis eſſe laboro
Obſcurus fio: ſectantem lævia, nervi
Deficiunt animique: profeſſus grandia, turget.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.
Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus apram.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ore capillos; In-

There Knights haranguing hug a neighb'ring Poſt,
And are but *Quorum* Orators at moſt.
Sooner than thus my want of Senſe expoſe,
I'd deck out Bandy-Legs with Gold-Clock't Hoſe,
Or wear a Toupet-Wig without a Noſe.
Nay, I would ſooner have thy Phyz, I ſwear,
Surintendant des Plaiſirs d' Angleterre *.

(*d*) Ye *Weekly Writers*, of ſeditious *News*,
Take Care your *Subjects* artfully to chuſe,
Write *Panegyrick* ſtrong, or boldly *rail*,
You cannot miſs *Preferment*, or a *Goal*.

Wrap

Infelix operis ſumma, quia ponere totum
Neſciet; hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quam pravo vivere naſo
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroq; capillo.
(*d*) Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus; & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor,

Ut

* *All Mr.* Heydegger's *Letters come directed to him from abroad,* A Monſieur, Monſieur *Heydegger*, Surintendant des Plaiſirs d'Angleterre.

Wrap up your Poiſon well, nor fear to ſay
What was a Lye laſt Night is Truth to Day;
Tell this, ſink that, arrive at *Ridpath*'s Praiſe,
Let *Abel Roper* your Ambition raiſe.
To Lye fit Opportunity obſerve,
Saving ſome double Meaning in reſerve;
But oh, you'll merit everlaſting Fame,
If you can quibble on Sir *Robert*'s Name.
In *State-Affairs* uſe not the Vulgar Phraſe,
Talk Words ſcarce known in good Queen *Beſſe*'s days.
New Terms let War or Traffick introduce,
And try to bring *Perſuading Ships* in Uſe.

Coin

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici:
Pleraq; differat, & præſens in tempus omittat.
Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum; ſi forte neceſſe eſt
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturq; licentia ſumpta pudenter

Coin Words: in coining ne'er mind common Senſe,
Provided the Original be *French*.
(e) Like *South-Sea Stock*, Expreſſions riſe and fall:
King *Edward*'s Words are now no Words at all.
Did ought your Predeceſſors Genius cramp?
Sure ev'ry Reign may have its proper Stamp.
All Sublunary things of Death partake;
What Alteration does a Cent'ry make?
Kings and Comedians all are mortal found,
Cæſar and *Pinkethman* are under Ground.
What's not deſtroy'd by Time's devouring Hand?
Where's *Troy*, and where's the *May-Pole* in the *Strand*?

(e) Et nova fictaq; nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi Græco fonte cadant.
—— licuit, ſemperque licebit
Signatum præſente nota procudere nomen.
Ut Sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos:
Prima cadunt, ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Debemur morti nos noſtraq;, ſive receptus,
Terra Neptunus claſſes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus, ſteriliſve diu palus aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit & grave ſentit aratrum. Seu

Peaſe, Cabbages, and Turnips once grew, where
Now ſtands new *Bond-ſtreet*, and a newer Square;
Such Piles of Buildings now riſe up and down;
London itſelf ſeems going out of *Town*.
Our Fathers croſs'd from *Fulham* in a Wherry,
Their Sons enjoy a Bridge at *Putney-Ferry*.
Think we that modern Words eternal are?
Toupet, and *Tompion*, *Coſins*, and *Colmar*
Hereafter will be call'd by ſome plain Man
A *Wig*, a *Watch*, a *Pair of Stays*, a *Fan*.
To Things themſelves if Time ſuch change affords,
Can there be any truſting to our Words.

(f) To

Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis
Doctus iter melius; mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos & gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentq;
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt & jus norma loquendi.

(f) Re

(*f*) To ſcreen good Miniſters from Publick rage,
And how with Party-Madneſs to engage,
We learn from *Addiſon*'s immortal Page.
The *Jacobite*'s ridiculous Opinion
Is ſeen from *Tickel*'s Letter to *Avignon*.
But who puts *Caleb*'s *Country-Craftſman* out,
Is ſtill a ſecret, and the World's in doubt.

(*g*) Not long ſince *Pariſh-Clerks*, with ſaucy airs,
Apply'd *King David's Pſalms* to *State-Affairs*.
Some certain *Tunes* to Politicks belong,
On both Sides Drunkards love a Party-Song.

(*f*) Res geſtæ regumq; ducumq; & triſtia bella
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.
Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum
Poſt etiam voti incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.

(*g*) Muſa dedit fidibus Divos puerosq; Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

(*h*) De-

(*h*) If full a-croſs the Speaker's Chair I go,
Can I be ſaid the *Rules* o'th' Houſe to know?
I'll ask, nor give offence without intent,
Nor thro' meer Sheepiſhneſs be impudent.
(*i*) In *Acts of Parliament* avoid Sublime,
Nor e'er Addreſs his Majeſty in Rhime;
An *Act of Parliament*'s a ſerious thing,
Begins with Year of Lord and Year of King;
Keeps cloſe to Form, in every word is ſtrict,
When it would *Pains* and *Penalties* inflict.
Soft Words ſuit beſt *Petitioners* intent;
Soft Words, O ye *Petitioners* of *Kent!*

(*k*) Who

(*h*) Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumq; colores
Cur ego ſi nequeo ignoroq;, poeta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire pudens prave quam diſcere malo?
(*i*) Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica nonvult
Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cæna Thyeſtæ,
Interdum tamen & vocem Comædia tollit,
Iratuſq; Chremes tumido delitigat ore.
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterq;,
Projicit ampullas & ſeſqui pedalia verba.

(*k*) Non

(*k*) Who e'er harangues before he gives his Vote,
Should ſend ſweet Language from a tuneful Throat.
Pultney the coldeſt Breaſt with Zeal can fire,
And *Roman Thoughts* by *Attick Stile* inſpire;
He knows from tedious Wranglings to beguile
The ſerious *Houſe* into a chearful Smile;
When the great Patriot paints his anxious Fears
For *England*'s Safety, I am loſt in Tears.
But when dull Speakers ſtrive to move compaſſion,
I pity their poor Hearers, not the Nation:
Unleſs young *Members* to the purpoſe ſpeak,
I fall a laughing, or I fall aſleep.

(*l*) Can

(*l*) Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemata, dulcia ſunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus; ſi vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent
Telephe, vel Peleu; male ſi mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

(*l*) Can Men their inward Faculties controul?
Is not the Tongue an Index to the Soul?
Laugh not in time of *Service* to your God,
Nor bully, when in *Cuſtody* o'th' *Rod*;
Look Grave, and be from Jokes and Grinning far,
When brought to ſue for Pardon at the *Bar*.
If then you let your ill-tim'd Wit appear,
Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes will ſneer.
(*m*) For Land, or Trade, not the ſame Notions fire
The *City-Merchant*, and the *Country-Squire*;
Their Climes are diſtant, tho' one Cauſe unites
The *Lairds* of *Scotland*, and the *Corniſh Knights*.
(*n*) To

(*l*) Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum, &c.
Poſt effert animi motus interprete Lingua
—— triſtia mæſtum
Vultum verba decent, &c.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesq; cachinnum.

(*m*) Intererit multum Divuſne loquetur, an Heros:
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
Colchus, an Aſſyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

(*n*) Aut

(*n*) To *Likelihood* your *Characters* confine;
Don't turn *Sir Paul* out, let *Sir Paul* reſign.
In *Walpole*'s Voice (if Factions Ill intend)
Give the Two *Univerſities* a Friend;
Give *Maidſton* Wit, and Elegance refin'd;
To both the *Pelhams* give the *Scipios* Mind;
To *Cart'ret*, Learning, Eloquence, and Parts;
To *George* the *Second*, give all *Engliſh* Hearts.

(*o*) Sometimes freſh Names in Politicks produce,
And Factions yet unheard of introduce;
And if you dare attempt a thing ſo new,
Make to itſelf the *Flying-Squadron* true.

(*p*) To

(*n*) Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge
Scriptor; honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;
Sit Medea ferox invictaq;, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.

(*o*) Siquid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes
Perſonam formare novam, ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incæpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

(*p*) To

(*p*) To ſpeak is free, no *Member* is debarr'd:
But *Funds* and *National Accounts* are hard:
Safer on common Topicks to diſcourſe,
The *Malt-Tax*, and a *Military Force*.
On theſe each Coffee-Houſe will lend a hint,
Beſides a thouſand things that are in Print.
But ſteal not Word for Word, nor Thought for Thought:
For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught:
When Factious Leaders boaſt increaſing ſtrength,
Go not too far, nor follow ev'ry Length:
Leave room for Change, turn with a grace about,
And ſwear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.

(*q*) With

(*p*) Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere: tuq;
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaq; primus;
Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi
Nec circa vilem patulumq; moraberis orbem,
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres, nec ſic deſilies imitator in arctum
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex.

(*q*) Nec

(q) With Art and Modeſty your Part maintain:
And talk like *Col'nel Titus*, not like *Lane*;
The Trading-Knight with Rants his Speech begins,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, and Dragons, Saints, and Kings:
But *Titus* ſaid, with his uncommon Senſe,
When the *Excluſion-Bill* was in ſuſpenſe,
I hear a Lyon in the Lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, ſhall we ſhut the door
And keep him there, or ſhall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?
(r) Some mighty Bluſterers *Impeach* with noiſe,
And call their Private Cry, the Nation's Voice;

(q) Nec ſic incipies ut Scriptor Cyclicus olim,
Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum;
Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte,
Dic mihi Muſa virum captæ poſt tempora Trojæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.
(r) Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat:

(s) Quid

(*s*) From Folio's of Accounts they take their handles,
And the whole Ballance proves a pound of Candles,
As if *Paul*'s Cupola were brought to bed,
After hard Labour, of a ſmall Pin's Head.

(*t*) Some *Rufus*, ſome the *Conqueror* bring in,
And ſome from *Julius Cæſar*'s days begin.
A cunning Speaker can command his chaps,
And when the *Houſe* is not in humour, ſtops:
In Falſehood Probability imploys,
Nor his old Lies with newer Lies deſtroys.

(*u*) If

(*s*) Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.

(*t*) Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo;
——— & quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit;
Atq; ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.

(*u*) Tu

(*u*) If when you ſpeak, you'd hear a Needle fall,
And make the frequent *hear-hims* rend the wall,
In matters ſuited to your Taſte engage,
Remembring ſtill your Quality and Age.
Thy task be this, young Knight, and hear my Song,
What Politicks to ev'ry Age belong.

(*x*) When *Babes* can ſpeak, *Babes* ſhould be taught to ſay,
King George the Second's Health, Huzza, Huzza!
Boys ſhould learn *Latin* for *Prince William*'s ſake,
And Girls *Louiſa* their Example make.

(*u*) Tu quid ego & populus mecum deſideret, audi;
Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis, & uſq;
Seſſuri donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
Ætatis cujuſq; notandi ſunt tibi mores,
Mobilibuſq; decor naturis dandus & annis.

(*x*) Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutantur in horas.

(*y*) Im-

(*y*) More loves the *Youth*, juſt come to his Eſtate,
To range the fields, than in the *Houſe* debate;
More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's Tongue,
Than in *Will Shippen*, or Sir *William Yong*:
If in one Chaſe he can two Horſes kill,
He cares not twopence for the Land-Tax Bill:
Loud in his Wine, in Women not o'er nice,
He damns his Uncles if they give advice;
Votes as his Father did, when there's a *Call*,
But had much rather, never Vote at all.

(*z*) We

(*y*) Imberbis juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſq; & aprici gramine campi:
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupiduſq; & amata relinquere pernix.

(*z*) Con-

(z) We take a diff'rent Turn at *Twenty-ſix*,
And lofty thoughts on ſome Lord's Daughter fix;
With Men in Pow'r ſtrict Friendſhip we perſue,
With ſome conſiderable Poſt in view.

A Man of *Forty* fears to change his Note,
One way to Speak, and t'other way to Vote;
Careful his Tongue in Paſſion to command,
Avoids the Bar, and Speaker's Reprimand.

(a) In Bags the *Old Man* lets his Treaſure ruſt,
Afraid to uſe it, or the Funds to truſt;
When Stocks are low, he wants the heart to buy,
And thro' much caution ſees 'em riſe too high;

Thinks

(z) Converſis ſtudiis ætas animuſq; virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias, inſervit honori,
Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

(a) Multa ſenem circum veniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quærit & inventis miſer abſtinet ac timet uti:
Dilator, ſpe longus iners, aviduſq; futuri,

Difficilis,

Thinks nothing rightly done ſince *Seventy-eight*,
Swears preſent *Members* do not talk, but prate;
In *Charles the Second*'s days, ſays he, ye Prigs,
Torys were *Torys* then, and *Whigs* were *Whigs*.
Alas! this is a lamentable Truth,
We loſe in age, as we advance in youth.
I laugh, when twenty will like eighty talk,
And old *Sir John* with *Polly Peachum* walk.
(*b*) Now as to *Double*, or to *Falſe Returns*,
When pockets ſuffer, and when anger burns,
O Thing ſurpaſſing faith! Knight ſtrives with Knight,
When both have brib'd, and neither's in the right.

The

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, cenſor caſtigatorq; minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte viriles,
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroq; viriles,
Semper in adjunctis ævoq; morabimur aptis.
(*b*) Aut agitur res in Scenis, aut acta refertur;

Segnius

The Bayliff's ſelf is ſent for in that caſe,
And all the Witneſſes had face to face.
Selected *Members* ſoon the fraud unfold,
In full Committee of the *Houſe* 'tis told;
Th' incredible Corruption is deſtroy'd,
The Chairman's angry, and th' Election void.

(*c*) Thoſe who would captivate the well-bred throng,
Should not too often ſpeak, nor ſpeak too long:
Church, nor Church Matters ever turn to Sport,
Nor make *St. Stephen's Chappel, Dover-Court.*

(*d*) The *Speaker*, when the Commons are aſſembl'd,
May to the *Græcian Chorus* be reſembl'd;
'Tis

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aures,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibit tradit Spectator.
Quodcunq; oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
(*c*) Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci vult & ſpectata reponi;
Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit, nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.
(*d*) Actoris partes Chorus officiumq; virile
Defendat:

'Tis his the Young and Modeſt to eſpouſe,
And ſee none draw, or challenge in the *Houſe*:
'Tis his Old Hoſpitality to uſe,
And three good Printers for the *Houſe* to chuſe;
To let each Repreſentative be heard,
And take due care the *Chaplain* be preferr'd,
To hear no *Motion* made that's out of joint,
And where he ſpies his *Member*, make his point.
(*e*) To Knights new choſen in old time would come,
The *County Trumpet*, and perhaps a *Drum*;
Now when a Burgeſs new Elect appears,
Come Trainbands, Horſe-Guards, Footguards, Grenadeers;
When

Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus
Quod non propoſito conducat & hæreat apte;
Ille bonis faveatq; & concilietur amicis,
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis, ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam legeſq; & apertis otia portis;
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſq; precetur & oret
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.
(*e*) Tibia non, ut nunc, Orichalco vincta, tubæq;
Æmula, ſed tenuis ſimplexq; foramine pauco, As-

When the majority the Town-clerk tells,
His Honour pays the Fiddles, Waits, and Bells:
Harangues the *Mob*, and is as wiſe and great,
As the moſt Myſtic Oracle of State.
(*f*) When the Duke's Grandſon for the County ſtood,
His Beef was fat, and his October good;
His Lordſhip took each Ploughman by the fiſt,
Drunk to their Sons, their Wives and Daughters kiſs'd;
But when ſtrong Beer their Freeborn Hearts inflames,
They ſell him Bargains, and they call him Names.
Thus is it deem'd in *Engliſh* Nobles wiſe
To ſtoop for no one reaſon but to riſe.

Aſpirare & adeſſe choris erat utilis, &c.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti, muros, &c.
Acceſſit numeriſq; modiſq; licentia major;
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumq; ſagax rerum & divina futuri
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.
(*f*) Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
Spectator, functuſq; ſacris, & potus, & exlex.

(*g*) Ele-

(*g*) Election matters ſhun with cautious awe,
O all ye Judges Learned in the Law;
A Judge by Bribes as much himſelf degrades,
As Dutcheſs Dowager by Maſquerades.

(*h*) Try not with Jeſts obſcene to force a Smile,
Nor lard your Speech with Mother *Needham*'s Stile:
Let not your tongue to ὡλφιελδισμὸς run,
And κιββεξισμὸς with abhorrence ſhun;
Let not your looks affected words diſgrace,
Nor join with ſilver Tongue a brazen Face;
Let not your hands, like Tallboys, be employ'd,
And the mad rant of Tragedy avoid.

Juſt

(*g*) Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

(*h*) Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolum
Verbaq; Piſones, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo;
Nec ſic enitar Tragico differre colori
Ut nihil interſit Davuſne loquatur, an audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum:
An cuſtos famuluſque Dei Silenus alumni,

Ut

Juſt in your Thoughts, in your Expreſſion clear,
Neither too modeſt, nor too bold appear,
(*g*) Others in vain a like Succeſs will boaſt,
He ſpeaks moſt eaſy, who has ſtudy'd moſt.
(*h*) A Peer's pert Heir has to the Commons ſpoke
A vile Reflection, or a Bawdy Joke;
Call'd to the Houſe of Lords, of this beware,
'Tis what the *Biſhops Bench* will never bear;
'Amongſt the *Commons* is ſuch freedom ſhown,
They laſh each other, and attack the Throne;
Yet ſo unskilful or ſo fearful ſome,
For nine that ſpeak there's nine-and-forty dumb,

(*g*) Ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multum fruſtraq; laboret.
(*h*) Ne nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominioſaq; dicta:
Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus & pater & res,
Nec ſi quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ.

(*i*) At

(*i*) When *James* the *firſt*, at great *Britannia*'s helm,
Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining Realm,
No words to Royal favour made pretence,
But what agreed in ſound and claſh'd in ſenſe.
Thrice happy he! how great that Speaker's praiſe,
Whoſe ev'ry Period look'd an hundred ways.
What then? we now with juſt abhorrence ſhun
The trifling Quibble, and the School-boys Pun;
Tho' no great Connoiſſeur, I make a ſhift
Juſt to find out a *Durfey* from a *Swift*;
I can diſcern with half an eye, I hope,
Miſt from *Jo Addiſon*, from *Euſden Pope*:
I know a Farce from one of *Congreve*'s Plays,
And *Cibber*'s Opera from *Johnny Gay*'s.

(*k*) When

(*i*) At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
Laudavere ſales, nimium patienter utrumq;
Ne dicam ſtultè, mirati; ſi modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dictum,
Legitimumq; ſonum digitis callemus & aure.

(*k*) Ig-

(*k*) When pert *Defoe* his ſawcy Papers writ,
He from a Cart was Pillor'd for his Wit:
By Mob was pelted half a Morning's ſpace,
And rotten Eggs beſmear'd his yellow face;
The *Cenſor* then improv'd the liſt'ning Iſle,
And held both Parties in an artful Smile.

A Scribbling Crew now pinching Winter brings,
That ſpare no earthly nor no heav'nly things,
Nor Church, nor State, nor Treaſurers, nor Kings.

But Blaſphemy diſpleaſes all the Town;
And for defying Scripture, Law, and Crown,
Woolſton ſhould pay his Fine, and loſe his Gown,

(*l*) It

(*k*) Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camænæ
Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis,
Quæ canerent agerentq; perunćti fæcibus ora;
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæq; repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumq; loqui nitiq; cothurno.
Succeſſit vetus his Comædia non ſine multa
Laude: ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi; lex eſt accepta, choruſq;
Turpiter obticuit ſublato jure nocendi.

(*l*) Nil

(*l*) It muſt be own'd the *Journals* try all ways
To merit their reſpective Party's praiſe;
They jar in every Article from *Spain*;
A War theſe threaten, thoſe a Peace maintain:
Tho' Lye they will, to give 'em all their due,
In Foreign matters, and Domeſtick too.
Whoe'er thou art that would'ſt a *Poſtman* write,
Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.
Sure, *Gazetteers* and Writers of *Courants*
Might ſoon exceed th' Intelligence of *France*:
To be out-done old *England* ſhould refuſe,
As in her Arms, ſo in her Publick News;
But Truth is ſcarce, the Scene of Action large,
And Correſpondence an exceſſive Charge.
(*m*) There

(*l*) Nil intentatum noſtri liquere Poetæ,
Nec minimum meruere decus veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta:
Nec virtute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium, ſi non offenderet unum
Quemq; Poetarum limæ labor & mora.

(*m*) In-

(*m*) There are who ſay, no Man can be a Wit
Unleſs for *Newgate* or for *Bedlam* fit;
Let Pamphleteers abuſive Satyr write,
To ſhew a Genius is to ſhew a Spite:
That Author's Works will ne'er be reckon'd good
Who has not been where *Curl* the Printer ſtood.

(*n*) Alaſs Poor Me, you may my fortune gueſs:
I write, and yet Humanity profeſs;
(Tho' nothing can delight a modern Judge,
Without ill-nature and a private Grudge)
I love the King, the Queen, and Royal Race:
I like the Government, but want no Place:

(*m*) Ingenium miſerâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicone Poetas
Democritus, bona pars non unguem ponere curat,
Non barbam ——————
Nanciſcetur enim pretium nomenq; Poetæ
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit;

(*n*) —————— O ego lævus
Qui purgor bilem ſub verni temporis horam:
Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verum
Nil tanti eſt: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet exors ipſe ſecandi;
Munus & officium, nil ſcribens ipſe, docebo;

Unde

Too low in Life to be a *Juſtice* I,
And for a Conſtable, thank God, too high:
Was never in a Plot, my Brain's not hurt;
I Politicks to Poetry convert.
(o) A Politician muſt (as I have read)
Be furniſh'd, in the firſt place, with a *Head:*
A *Head* well fill'd with *Machiavelian* Brains,
And ſtuff'd with Precedents of former Reigns:
Muſt Journals read, and *Magna Charta* quote;
But acts ſtill wiſer, if he ſpeaks by *Note:*
Learns well his Leſſon, and ne'er fears miſtakes:
For Ready Money Ready Speakers makes;
He muſt Inſtructions and Credentials draw,
Pay well the Army, and protect the Law:

Give

(o) Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetq; Poetam:
Quid deceat, quid non: quo virtus, quo ferat error.
Scribendi recte ſapere eſt & principium & fons:
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ,
Verbaq; proviſam rem non invita ſequuntur.

Qui

Give to his Country what's his Country's due,
But firſt help *Brothers*, *Sons*, and *Couſins* too.
He muſt read *Grotius* upon War and Peace,
And the twelve Judges Salary encreaſe.
He muſt oblige old Friends and new Allies,
And find out *Ways and Means* for freſh *Supplies*.
He muſt the Weaver's Grievances redreſs,
And Merchants wants in Merchants words expreſs.
(*o*) Dramatick Poets that expect the Bays,
Should cull our Hiſtories for Party Plays;

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hoſpes,
Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis, ille profecto
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuiq;.
(*p*) Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumq; jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, & veras hinc ducere voces;
Fabula nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,

Valdius

Wickfort's Embaſſador ſhould fill their head,
And the *State-Tryals* carefully be read:
For what is *Dryden's* Muſe and *Otway's* Plots
To th' *Earl of Eſſex* or the *Queen of Scots?*
(q) 'Tis ſaid that *Queen Elizabeth* could ſpeak,
At twelve years old, right *Attick* full-mouth'd *Greek*;
Hence was the Student forc'd at *Greek* to drudge,
If he would be a Biſhop, or a Judge.
Divines and Lawyers now don't think they thrive,
'Till promis'd places of men ſtill alive:
How old is ſuch an one in ſuch a Poſt?
The anſwer is, he's ſeventy-five almoſt:

Th'

Valdius oblectat populum meliuſq; moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum nugæq; canoræ.
(q) Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui, &c.
Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere; dicat
Filius urbani, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſupereſt? poteris dixiſſe, triens, eu
poter is ſervare tuam, —— redit

Th'Arch-Biſhop, and the Maſter of the Rolls?
Neither is young, and one's as old as *Paul*'s.
Will Men, that ask ſuch Queſtions, publiſh books
Like learned *Hooker*'s or *Chief Juſtice Cook*'s?
(r) On Tender Subjects with diſcretion touch,
And never ſay too little, or too much.
On Trivial Matters Flouriſhes are wrong,
Motions for Candles never ſhould be long:
Or if you move, in caſe of ſudden Rain,
To ſhut the Windows, ſpeak diſtinct and plain.
Unleſs you talk good *Engliſh*, downright Senſe,
Can you be underſtood by Serjeant *Spence*?

—— redit uncia, quid fit;
Semis; at hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi
Cum ſemel imbuerit, ſperamus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro & lævi ſervando cupreſſo?
(r) Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis, ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantq; fideles;
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat. (s) Ficta

(s) New Stories always ſhould with Truth agree,
Or Truth's half-Siſter, Probability:
Scarce could *Toft*'s Rabbits and pretended throws
On half the Honourable *Houſe* impoſe.

(t) When *Cato* ſpeaks, young *Shallow* runs away,
And ſwears it is ſo dull he cannot ſtay:
When Rakes begin on Blaſphemy to border,
Bromley and *Hanmer* cry aloud —— *To Order.*
The point is this, with manly Senſe and eaſe
T' inform the Judgment, and the Fancy pleaſe.
Praiſe it deſerves, nor difficult the thing,
At once to ſerve one's Countrey and one's King.

Such

(s) Ficta voluptatis cauſa ſint proxima veris:
Nec quodcunq; volet poſcat ſibi fabula credi,
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

(t) Centuriæ Seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterq; monendo;

Hic

Such Speeches bring the wealthy *Tonſon*'s gain,
From Age to Age they minuted remain,
As Precedents for *George* the twentieth's Reign.

(*u*) Is there a Man on earth ſo perfect found,
Who ne'er miſtook a word in Senſe or Sound?
Not Blund'ring, but perſiſting is the fault;
No mortal Sin is *Lapſus Linguæ* thought:
Clerks may miſtake; conſid'ring who 'tis from,
I pardon little Slips in *Cler. Dom. Com.*

But

Hic meret æra liber Soſiis, hic & mare tranſit,
Et longum noto Scriptori prorogat ævum.
(*u*) Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus;
Non ſemper feriet quodcunq; minabitur arcus:
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid ergo?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſq;,
Quamvis eſt monitus, veniâ caret: ut citharædus

Ridetur

But let me tell you I'll not take his part,
If ev'ry *Thurſday* he date *Die Mart.*
Of Sputt'ring mortals 'tis the fatal curſe,
By mending Blunders ſtill to make 'em worſe.
Men ſneer when —— gets a lucky Thought,
And ſtare if *Wyndham* ſhould be nodding caught.
But ſleeping's what the wiſeſt men may do,
Should the Committee chance to ſit 'till Two.
(*w*) Not unlike Paintings, Principles appear,
Some beſt at diſtance, ſome when we are near.
The love of Politicks ſo vulgar's grown,
My Landlord's Party from his Sign is known:

Mark

Ridetur, chordâ qui ſemper oberrat eâdem:
Sic mihi qui multum ceſſat fit Chærilus ille,
Quem bis terq; bonum cum riſu miror, & idem
Indignor quandoq; bonus dormitat Homerus;
Verum opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.
(*w*) Ut Pictura Poëſis erit, quæ ſi propius ſtes
Te capiet magis: & quædam, ſi longius abſtes;

Hæc

Mark of *French* wine, ſee *Ormond*'s Head appear,
While *Marlb'rough*'s Face directs to Beer and Beer:
Some *Buchanan*'s, the *Pope*'s Head ſome like beſt,
The *Devil-Tavern* is a ſtanding jeſt.

(*x*) Whoe'er you are that have a Seat ſecure,
Duly return'd, and from *Petition* ſure,
Stick to your Friends in whatſoe'er you ſay;
With ſtrong averſion ſhun the Middle-way:
The Middle-way the beſt we ſometimes call,
But 'tis in Politicks no way at all.
A *Trimmer*'s what both Parties turn to ſport,
By Country hated, and deſpis'd at Court.

Who

Hæc amet obſcurum, volet hæc ſub luce videri;
Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.
(*x*) O major juvenum—— hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi;——
—— Mediocribus eſſe Poëtis
Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſere columnæ.

Sic,

Who would in earneſt to a Party come,
Muſt give his Vote, not whimſical, but plumb.
There is no Medium: for the term in vogue
On either ſide is, Honeſt Man, or Rogue.
Can it be difficult our Minds to ſhow,
Where all the Difference is, Yes, or No?
(*) In all Profeſſions, Time and Pains give Skill;
Without hard Study, dare Phyſicians kill?
Can he that ne'er read Statutes or Reports,
Give Chamber-Counſel, or urge Law in Courts?
But ev'ry Whipſter knows Affairs of State,
Nor fears on niceſt Subjects to debate.

A Knight

Sic, animis natum inventumq; Poema juvandis,
Si paulum a ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.
(*) Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis:
Indoctuſq; pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ;
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere. ——
—— quidni?

A Knight of eighteen hundred pounds a year —
Who minds his Head, if his Eſtate be clear?
Sure he may ſpeak his mind, and tell the *Houſe*,
He matters not the Government a Louſe.
Lack-learning Knights, theſe things are ſafely ſaid
To Friends in private, at the *Bedford-Head*:
But in the *Houſe*, before your Tongue runs on,
Conſult *Sir James*, *Lord William*'s dead and gone.
Words to recall is in no Member's power,
One ſingle word may ſend you to the *Tower*.
(y) The wrong'd to help, the lawleſs to reſtrain,
Thrice ev'ry Year, in ancient *Egbert*'s Reign,

F The

—— quidni?
Liber, & ingenuus, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioq; remotus ab omni.
Membranis intus poſitis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris: neſcit vox miſſa reverti.
(y) Sylveſtres homines ſacer interpreſq; Deorum
Cædibus & victu fædo deterruit Orpheus,

—— Fuit

The *Members* to the *Mitchelgemot* went,
In after Ages call'd the *Parliament*;
Early the *Mitchelgemot* did begin
T'enroll their Statutes, on a Parchment Skin:
For impious Treaſon hence no room was left,
For Murder, for Polygamy, or Theft:
Since when the Senates power both Sexes know
From Hops and Claret, Soap and Callico.
Now wholeſom Laws young Senators bring in
'Gainſt *Goals*, *Attornies*, *Bribery*, and *Gin*.
Since ſuch the nature of the *Britiſh* State,
The power of *Parliament* ſo old and great,

Ye

——— Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis:
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis:
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
——— Dictæ per carmina ſortes
Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt, & gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis: luduſq; repertus,
Et longorum operum finis.

Sit

Ye 'Squires and *Iriſh* Lords, 'tis worth your care
To be return'd for City, Town, or Shire,
By Sheriff, Bailiff, Conſtable, or Mayor.

(z) Some doubt, which to a Seat has beſt Pretence,
A man of Subſtance, or a man of Senſe:
But never any Member feats will do,
Without a Head-piece and a Pocket too;
Senſe is requir'd the depth of Things to reach,
And Money gives Authority to Speech.

(a) A Man of Bus'neſs won't 'till ev'ning dine,
Abſtains from Women, Company, and Wine:

——————— ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers & cantor Apollo.
(z) Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt; Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium; alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res & conjurat amicè.
(a) Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit feciteq; puer; ſudavit & alſit,
Abſtinuit vener & vino,

From *Fig*'s new Theatre he'll miſs a Night,
Tho' Cocks, and Bulls, and *Iriſh* Women fight:
Nor ſultry Sun, nor ſtorms of ſoaking Rain,
The Man of Bus'neſs from the *Houſe* detain:
Nor ſpeaks he for no reaſon but to ſay,
I am a *Member*, and I ſpoke to day.
I ſpeak ſometimes, you'll hear his Lordſhip cry,
Becauſe Some ſpeak that have leſs Senſe than I.
(b) The Man that has both Land and Money too,
May wonders in a Trading Borough do:
They'll praiſe his Ven'ſon, and commend his Port,
Turn their two former Members into Sport,
And, if he likes it, Satyrize the Court.

But

Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies, mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et quod non didici ſane neſcire fateri.
(b) Aſſentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis;
Si vero eſt unctum qui rectè ponere poſſit
Et ſpondere levi pro paupere, & eripere arctis
Litribus implicitum, mirabor, ſi ſciet inter

Nocere

But at a Feaſt 'tis difficult to know
From real Friends an undiſcover'd Foe;
The man that ſwears he will the Poll ſecure,
And pawns his Soul that your Election's ſure,
Suſpect that man: beware, all is not right,
He's, ten to one, a Corporation-Bite.
(c) Alderman *Pond*, a downright honeſt Man,
Would ſay, I cannot help you, or I can:
To ſpend your Money, Sir, is all a jeſt;
Matters are ſettled, ſet your heart at reſt:
We've made a Compromiſe, and, Sir, you know,
That ſends one Member *High*, and t'other *Low*.

But

Noſcere mendacem verumq; beatus amicum.
Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare velis cui,
Noilto ad verſus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte.
—— ſi carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes
(c) Quintilio ſiquid recitares, corrige ſodes
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc: melius te poſſe negares
Bis terque expertum fruſtra, delere jubebat,

Si

But if his good Advice you would not take,
He'd ſcorn your Supper, and your Punch forſake;
Leave you of mighty Intereſt to brag,
And poll two Voices like *Sir Robert Fag.*
(*d*) *Parliamenteering* is a ſort of Itch,
That will too oft unwary Knights bewitch.
Two good Eſtates Sir *Harry Clodpole* ſpent;
Sate thrice, but ſpoke not once, in Parliament:
Two good Eſtates are gone—Who'll take his word?
Oh! ſhould his Uncle die, he'd ſpend a third:
He'd buy a Houſe, his happineſs to crown,
Within a mile of ſome good *Borough-Town*;

Tag,

Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles,
Nullum ultra verbum aut operam inſumebat inanem,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.
(*d*) Ut mala quem ſcabies aut morbus regius urget,
—— dicam Siculiq; poetæ
Narrabo interitum ——
Nec ſemel hoc fecit, nec ſi retractus erit, jam

Fiet

Tag, Rag, and Bobtail to Sir *Harry*'s run,
Men that have Votes, and Women that have none:
Sons, Daughters, Grandſons, with his Honour dine;
He keeps a Publick-Houſe without a Sign.
Coblers and Smiths extol th' enſuing Choice,
And drunken Taylors boaſt their right of Voice.
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat:
So Leeches ſtick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with Skinfuls to the ground.

Fiet homo, aut ponet famoſæ mortis amorem,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus:
Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditq; legendo;
Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris, hirudo.

FINIS.

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